

Mar. [10], 1919

Dear Mother,

Father and I whacked around eighteen holes this morning and eight-een this afternoon. I am going from bad to worse. Those lessons surely balled me up. I think I'll take a morning off and ride horseback. Mr. Zies is going, and he persuaded father that [I'll] be perfectly safe. We are to play with crazy Gov.

Brumbaugh and his wife in the afternoon.

Mr. Wells tried to imitiate Chick Evans' game, and made a 98. Ge and I are in the same fix - compara - tively.

The weather was perfect today. Are you sure I used to get tired last months. I don't see how it's possible.

I met Chancellor McCormick today. He looks like a farmer.

Mr. Newbury's trunk was sent to St. Louis [by] mistake. He went out the other day in the only suit he had + got soaked.

Love,

Fannie

Father sends his love. He is busy making out income tax reports.